

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR

GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. \$2.00 A YEAR- IN ADVANCE.

Single Copies, 5 Cents.

The Old Chapel Master

THE CATHEDRAL ORGAN-LOFT.

"Now Karl; now dear father, Karl are going to try the duett. 'When the eve begins to weave.'"

"Lisa," said her father gravely, "ever and a door for a short time. I am talking about something serious. Lisa closed the door with the sweet

"How am I Father Zadaka," I broke out, "to insure this success? I own my shaft. I have done my best. I cannot wait for a ripper Judgment. Work is the fruit of youth, and I offer it public as that. How—what—"

"Youth, youth, always dead out of all flame. I—I am the great mus-

at carry the spell. Hear me, Year was a fellow-student and bosom friend of the great Mozart. He gave me once, as the greatest treasure he could give a half an opera on the story of 'Francesca Rimini.' It contains some airs as exquisite as anything he ever wrote, but in a

anything as ever wrote, but in a
 or unusual with him, and more resem-
 orropa. I value these as a very pos-
 my soul. I propose that we insert
 the best of these airs into your op-
 "Into my opera" Satan himsel-
 speaking to me in the darkness."

"Yes, yes, I say; I have no scruple in receiving fools, who would let you add mud to mud under their feet with impunity. Insert these at the culminating point of your opera, add one or two crudities, and give them a resemblance to your work."

“You do not answer.”
“How can I answer?”

"Suppose I have at this moment government permission for you to rehearse our opera?"

"I should still make the same answer."

"What! are you mad, to throw yourself down the precipices of poverty like this?"

"Suppose I have at this moment government permission for you to return to your opera?"

"I should still make the same answer. What! are you mad, to throw your own the precipice of poverty like a brick?"

"I think of what you lose, and answer."

"I answer," said I, with my hand on my forehead, "that I would rather go over into the lighter room, 'that I might obtain even such prizes by means. You would not have empf them at my age. If ever I wear is they shall be unstained. It shall be

And as I said this I threw open the door into the dazzling light that confused me for an instant, and stepped on it were the shades into Heaven. Lisa ran forward with a crown of jonquils that she had been twisting together, and laugh-

And as I said this I threw open the door into the dazzling light that confused me for an instant, and stepped as it were up the stairs into Heaven. Lisa ran forward with a crown of jonquils that she had been twisting together, and laughing crowned my head, and then ran and bowed down to the piano and played the first of a pompous march of triumph called "Judas Macabreus." At that moment with all her grace and strange Undine's feelings from gaiety to sadness, she looked at them for the first time and her

And as I said this I threw open the door into the dazzling light that confused me for an instant, and stepped as it were into the sun. The sun, I like ran for me with a crown of jonquilla that had been twisting together, and languidly crowned my head, and then ran all the way down to the piano and played the first notes of a pompous march of triumph, "Judas Maccabaeus." A moment with all her grace and strange undulating swiftness from gaiety to sadness, she stepped back and threw her arms around her father's neck.

"Your look all so-night, dear father," said, "Does he not, Karl? He is so hard at his book. Karl you must not burn all the pens!"

"I have been anxious, my Lisa,"

"And as I said this I threw open the door and saw a bright light that confused me for an instant, and I stepped as it were up the stairs into Heaven. Lim ran for me with a crown of jonquils that had been twisting together, and I again crowned my head, and then I saw the angels playing the organ of a pompous march, of triumph, of Judas Maccabaeus." "A moment later I saw all his grace and stature Udding up from the floor, and I saw his feet stepping from gaiety to sadness, she I saw him throw her arms around her head and cry—

"You look like to-night, dear father, I said. "Does he not, Karl? He is too good at his book." Karl you may have born all the pain."

"I have been here and seen my Lim, and Karl and his success."

"Karl's success! why he must not come, papa, supper is ready; and the Babelschweitz will soon be here, and the quartet we are to practice."

"I have seen the picture, I suggest, and it is a picture worthy of Meiselson's."

name or none that I win."
 "And as I said this I threw open the
 into the dazzling light that confused
 for an instant, and stepped on it were
 "The king of the East, Lis, ran for
 with a crown of jonquils, that shone
 were twisting together, and she
 crowned my head, and then ran ar
 down to the piano and played the first
 of a pompous march of triumph
 of Judas Maccabaeus." A moment
 with all her grace and strange Undin
 feelings from gaiety to sadness, she
 up and threw her arms around her fa
 "You look like to-night, dear father
 said. "Does he not, Karl? Hejs wo
 heard at his book. Karl? You mus
 be born all the anxious!"
 "I have been penitent," my Lisa,
 Karl and his successes."
 "Karl's success! why he must su
 Come, papa, supper is ready; and
 the pale, weary, ready to be he
 the queen was to be pitied.
 The family group at the supper
 made a picture worthy of Meisson
 ready, so delicately cool and glee
 of lettuce in the bowl, and it was p
 the turquoise car with which th
 Michael-master, blundered the salad.
 open piano, the sweet face of Lis
 the fine Titian-like head of Zucka

name or none that I win." —
And as I said this I threw open the
into the dazzling light that confused
for an instant, and stepped on it were
— and the king of Liss ran for
with a crown of jonquils, that shone
— were twisting together, and laugh-
crowned my head, and then ran
down to the piano and played the first
— a pompous march of triumph
— of Judas Maccabeus. A moment
— with all her grace and strange Undine
— feelings from gaiety to sadness, she
— up and threw her arms around her
—
— "You look so to-night, dear father
— said. "Does he not, Karl? Hejs wo-
— so heard at his book. Karl? You must
— me burn all the pens!"
— "I have been anxious," my Liss,
— Karl and his successes."
— Karl's success! why he must suc-
— Come, papa, supper is ready: so be
— and Beltschewitz will soon be he-
— and the marriage to be proclaimed.
— The family group at the supper
— made a picture worthy of Meissonier,
— and, so delicately cool and green
— of lettuce in the bowl, and it was plain
— the epicurean car with which the
— the master-blended the salad.
— Upon piano, the sweet face of Liss
— and the fine Titan-like head of Zadaka
— reflected in miniature in the round
— and was just read — and just read
— Zadaka was tossing forward with
— of triumph, when a violent knock
— heard at the door, and in burst the in-
— said Beltschewitz; his gooseberry-
— staring wildly, his red hair, as usual

"None or none that I win."
 "And as I said this I threw open the
 door to the dazzling light that confused
 me. I stepped out into the night
 "Fades into Heaven." Lim ran
 down with a crown of jonquills that she
 been twisting together, and laid
 crowned my head, and then ran
 down to the piano and played the first
 chords of a polichinelle of triumph
 "Jude! Jude!"
 "And Macabre and strange Undin
 eerings from her arms to address, she
 up and threw her gaily around her
 neck.
 "You look it, jo-night, dear father
 "Does he not, Karl? He is
 so hard at his book. Karl? You must
 no bear all the pen!"
 "I have been anxious, my Lisa,
 "Karl and his success."
 "Karl's success is why he must
 Come, papa, supper is ready; and the
 the quarter of twelve will soon be
 the quarter of twelve."
 The family group at the supper
 made a picture worthy of Meissonier
 itself, so delicately cool and green
 ready in the bowl, and it was plain
 the epicurean car with which the
 "Karl's success," blundered the
 "Karl's success," blundered the
 the fine Titian-like head of Zadeka
 reflected in miniature in the round
 on the wall. The salad was just read
 Zadeka was tossing it round with a
 of triumph, when a violent knock
 heard at the door, and in burst the
 "Karl's success," blundered the
 a striding waddy, his red hair, as usual
 a rebellious curl. He dragged with
 the gentle old cur, his uncle, who
 postulating, half out of breath, at the
 of the entrance.
 "Heiss, heuchel!" cried Babelsch
 "Heiss, heuchel!" cried Babelsch
 in a snoring of breath. Heiss,

"...and none that I win."
And as I said this I threw open the door into the dazzling light that confused me for an instant, and stepped on it were two men—Liam ran for his life, and I followed with a crown of jonquils, that shone like stars twisting together, and laughing down my head, and then ran away from me toward the piano and played the first strains of a pompous march of triumph over Judas Maccabeus. A moment later he was playing a more pathetic melody with all her grace and strange Uddinghallian yearnings from gaiety to sadness, she sang up and threw her arms around her father's neck.
"You look so to-night, dear father," she said, "Does he not, Karl? He must have heard at his book." Karl yea mused me burn all the pens!
"I have been anxious," my Lisa, and Karl and his success.
—Karl's success! why he must succeed. Come, papa, supper is ready; and you can see the paper, supper may be had here, and the quarrel will be decided."
The family group at the supper-table made a picture worthy of Meissonnier itself, so delicately cool and graceful as they sat in the bowl, and it was pleasant to see the musician car with which the household-master blended the maid, the young piano, the sweet face of Lisa, and the fine Titian-like head of Zadaka reflected in miniature in the round mirror above them.
Zadaka was tossing forward with a gleam of triumph, when a violent knock was heard at the door, and in burst the knightly Babelschelsky, his gooseberry-stained wadded half, his red hair, as usual as rebellious curl. He dragged with him the gentle old curk, his uncle, who was coughspitting, half out of breath, at the rapidity of the entrance.
"—Hies!, juchted!" cried Babeschel. "Schnitz! Schnitz! Oh for a trombone to play Hies in appropriate music! Hies for Waidstein! The permission for it all has come. It is all right, it is all right for ten thousand big cannon to announce the wonderful opera of Karl, the young Karl."
"God be thanked!" said Zadaka.

[illegible]

and none that I win."—
And as I said this I threw open the
door to the dazzling light that confused
me. I stepped out, my happy feet were
saddled into Heaven. — Lisa ran for
with a crown of jonquils that she had
been twisting together, and laugh-
ingly bowed my head, and then ran
toward the piano and played the first
of a pompous march of triumph.
I was not alone. I was surrounded
with all her grace and strange Undine
feelings from girls to address, she
stood up and threw her arms around her
neck.
"You look ill to-night, dear father."
said. "Does he not, Karl? He is too
hard at his book. Karl! you must
be more cheerful."
"I have been anxious, my Lisa,
Karl and his success."
"Karl's success! why he must soon
come, papa, supper is ready; and the
Babelschweitz will soon be here
and the quartet we are to practice."
"A pleasant surprise at the supper."
The piano played a few chords, and
then, to my deliciously cool and agree-
able surprise, it was Lisa who was
ready in the bow, and it was pleasant
to see the picture card with which the
piano-master, blended the maid,
the piano, the sweet face of Lisa
and the fine Titan-like head of Zadeka
reflected in miniature in the round
mirror. — The music was like the
Zadeka was, tottering along with a
triumph, from a violent knock
heard at the door, and in burst the
piano-master Babelschweitz; his goose-
stepping wildly, his red hair, as usual
rebellious tone. He dragged with
him the gentle old curk, his uncle, who
was complaining, and out of breath, at
the rapidity of the entrance.
"Heia, juchheil!" cried Babelsch-
weitz. "Such noise. Oh for a trombone to
go in! in appropriate music! Heia for
Waldstein! The permission for the
has come. It is all right, it is all
all for ten thousand big cannon to un-
derstandful of the opera of Karl,
the young Karl."
"God be thanked!" said Zadeka.
Lisa burst into tears of joy.
And I—what did I do? I was stas-
tated. I sat down and buried my head
in my hands. O, if I should fail! "Heia
Zadeka's offer," whispered a voice
in my ear. I turned round, the room
was dark, and then poured out wild
triumph from the suffering piano
"coronation day for me. "Batahi!
my son, the ugly voice kept
me."
THE CAPE APOLLO.
The last private rehearsal of the
the students of the Conservatory

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

was doomed to early death, and decided myself with the thought, inspired by him, that a few years more would raise me to fame. When, overpowered with fatigue, I urged him to more wine, unconscious almost of my own baseness, I saw how my great wickedness, and how near murder the devil led me. At last the cry of soul outwore its fragile tenement of clay. He sank, and in almost his last breath gave me the fatal gift of two un-

finished opera, the works of his youth. I was tempted, and fell. I set up myself as an imitator of my dead friend. I dove into my opera the air which I had stolen and completed. My success at these days, jealous of me, reported that I had stolen MS. of Mozart. Duplicates of two of them had been found at Mûnchengurg, and my secret was discovered. Then came a terrible rumor, and I changed my name and fled. Ah, do not despise me, I am still a man.

er Kant. I have sinned deeply but I have repented deeply. You have not suffered the temptations that I underwent. You were not a man of talent and ambition crushed by a genius whom you had once surpassed—you know not the bitterness of that. From the moment that I stole those thoughts of Mozart's, if I had never heard the music that they sing in heaven, I could have raised myself to fame. The devil tempted me, and paid me as he would have paid any other man.

"She is gone to the cure's where will soon return, dear father."

"Say that again. Yes I have been a father to you, and have loved you as one. You will not forsake me! You will not!"

"Steiger come here to insult a dying man!"

"I will not come in here. He shall not."

"The old man was too feeble to speak, but he pressed my hand in gratitude.
"I see Lisa and the good old cure coming down the street." She has given him her arm.
"How beautiful she looks!"
"Thank God that I shall see her again before I die. I feel a strange, increasing brightness at my heart. I feel through the darkness for the outstretched hand of God."
"As I watched the new-arrived man."

"Lisa, my darling," he said feebly, "go to the inner-room and play me the 'Requiem' of Mozart. It breathes the very pulse of Christian hope, and I read in its assurances of forgiveness and of peace. I sleep not for me Lisa. I am happy now. The guilt has been lifted like the mill-stone."

on my heart. I am at peace now. Karl
and he joined our hands—"lead her to
the inner room. I would hear some last
strains of the music that I have loved so
long. The cure will pray with me here."
Liss was still weeping. I kissed her
and sat down myself at the piano; and
then rose like an emanation the glorious
music that the dying composer wrote for
his own interment. Strange muffled pro-
cessions full of despair seemed to pace

me through a world full of sufferings
 and sorrow. Every variety of human grief
 the poet-thinker had embodied in those
 awful strains, broken by loud wallings and
 passionate outbursts of grief; but by degrees
 the music melted into light, and there
 diffused itself throughout the Requiem
 glimpses of ineffable brightness. Through
 the open door of the tomb we saw the
 shining glory of the heaven where tears
 are wiped away from every eye. I had

"We hurried and found the curt strivings to
rain to keep the old man in bed. His
seemed wandering. His eyes were anxious
joyful in expression; he was stretch-
ing out his arms toward the door.
"Do you know not see him?" he said.
"There is Wolfgang there. Why do you

"Dear father," I said, "you only dream there is no one there. See, I will open the door." I opened the door, and the evening sun from the garden burst in as if a god had entered. As it deluged the room, the great

"Yes, there he passes away into the light, smiling and beckoning to me. I am free, I am free. I am free. The journey to the bright city has begun. Farewell, Lisa, farewell, my heart! Farewell, lieber, lieber Karl! Heaven bless and guide you as it has ever guided me! Farewell, dear brother! Wollongong, dear Wolfgang, I follow!"

Then the head sank; a change passed over his face, and he lay motionless.

Burying-place of the Angel of Death. The olden
 Doppel-master lay dead in the soft evening
 lighting light, and in the full glory of the
 sunning knot round the bed and prayee and
 the passing soul.—*The Burying-place*
 Burying-place of the Angel of Death. The olden
 Doppel-master lay dead in the soft evening
 lighting light, and in the full glory of the
 sunning knot round the bed and prayee and
 the passing soul.—*The Burying-place*

death were estimated at \$13,000,000. Last March he gave \$4,000,000 to found a free hospital in Baltimore together with a training school for nurses and a home for colored orphans. He further donated \$3,000,000 to the endowment of a university at Clinton. Among his other benefactions are a convalescent hospital and a free park and flower garden of thirteen acres, for the city of Baltimore. Mr. Hopkins was identified with all the commercial railroad and

The Churches of England, judged by the sittings furnished, take rank as follows in 125 towns in which they were compared: 1, Church of England; 2, The Methodists; 3, Congregationalists; 4, Baptists; 5, Roman Catholics; 6, Presbyterians; 7, Unitarians; 8, Friends.

DR. HALL'S NEW CURE.—The new sanatorium edifice for Bay, Dr. John Hall, now in the course of erection at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth street, will, when completed, be the largest Presbyterian sanatorium in the United States, if not in the world. The ground alone cost \$250,000. The building, it is estimated, will cost \$1,000,000 more.

Southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois are reported to be infested by wolves, which have been driven from their haunts farther north by the fires of the last three years.

WOODEN TOOTH-PICKS.—About five hundred million of wooden tooth-picks are sold annually by one house in Boston, which has control of the sales. They are manufactured at one establishment in Maine and are very popular. The use of them is just increasing. A box holding about 3,000 is sold for 25 cents.

Congress has appointed the following gentlemen to fill vacancies in the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution: Asa Gray of Massachusetts, in place of Louis Agassiz; J. D. Dana of Connecticut, in place of Theo. D. Woolsey; Henry Hoppe of Pennsylvania, in place of Wm. Brewster; and John McLean and Peter Parrenbrapp of Pennsylvania, in place of John A. Foster.

Rev. Dr. Newman, special agent of the Treasury Department, writes that when he began to investigate the cause of the decrease in the exportation of American cotton drills to China, He found that it was because of the fact that British manufacturers have counterfeited the American marks, then sold at a less price. Our exportation has fallen off from 230,000,000,000,000 per year.

Congress has refused to direct arm
sions to be issued to the starving poor of
the Southern States, adopting the report
of its committee who "did not regard it
as the proper sphere of Congress to enter
upon a general system of providing for pa
uperism in the States. If this precedent
were established, it would soon be neces
sary that Congress had entered on the whole
business of taking charge of nourish

quitted, 185 are awaiting trial, 95 have been discharged for want of proof sufficient to secure conviction." The number of incoming letters for the past year is 6,105, of which 2289 were unregistered, 2,183 registered. The former contained bonds certificates, to the amount of \$309,123.60. The latter, \$74,421.50. Thus about four hundred thousand dollars was lost in letters of post.

